POEMS.

BY

The Author of the SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

Non gemitus ultro queram, causasque dolendi.

VANIERII Præd. Ruſt.

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ARTHUR's SEAT:

A POEM.

Tra l' herba verde, e'l bel monte vicino,
Onde ſi ſcende poetando, e poggia.

PETRARCHA.

——*if I can be to thee*
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.

DENHAM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM its ſingular ſituation, in the neighbourhood of craggy mountains, and ſtupendous precipices, the Scottiſh metropolis boaſts of a peculiarity, known, perhaps, to no other capital in Europe: for there, after a ſhort walk of a few minutes, the citizens can retire to ſolitudes as deep and ſequeſtered, to ſcenes as wild and romantic, as the reverie of the penſive, or the imagination of the poet, could wiſh for in the moſt ſavage retreat; to proſpects ſo extenſive and beautiful as fail not to raiſe the admiration of the ſtranger.

RAMBLING thro' theſe ſolitary hills, the hunting-ſcenes of our ancient monarchs; and reflecting on a cuſtom of the younger Pliny,

who, when he ſtarted no game in his rural excurſions, deemed himſelf not unfortunate if, at leaſt, he had the conſolation of returning with ſomething in his tablets — that being, as he informs us, his favourite method of ſtudy: the author attempted to imitate this laudable practice of the favourite of Trajan. He found himſelf at once upon claſſic ground; and the following poem is given as the reſult of theſe meditations.

EVERY topographical poem unavoidably labours under two diſadvantages. To ſome readers it may probably appear too familiar for the language of poetry, the "*os magna ſonaturum;*" to thoſe who have never been upon the ſpot, obſcure and unintereſting.

THE author has therefore endeavoured, agreeable to the Virgilian maxim *, to ennoble

* —— anguſtis addere rebus honorem
Virg. Georg. lib. 3.

and

and embelliſh what, otherwiſe, might ſeem to want poetical dignity.

And in order to give his poem ſome degree of intereſt, and, if he may be allowed the expreſſion, univerſality, he has not ſcrupled, occaſionally, to aſſume the ſtyle of lyric poetry.—Aiming at that precious air of pleaſing melancholy, ſo agreeable to the ſenſible mind, but ſo difficult to ſeize with delicacy; with the hero of the Æneid in the gallery of Dido, he has traced the "*lacrymæ* "*rerum;*" with Petronius at the feaſt of Trimalchio, he has preſented the ſilver ſkeleton.

Such, at leaſt, was the plan of the author. With reſpect to the mechanical execution, he has choſen that ſpecies of verſification which, from the ſhortneſs of the meaſure, is too frequently found to ſatiate the ear; but in which, ſimplicity of expreſſion, and tranquillity of ſentiment, ſeem leaſt incompatible with

with the impetuous and excurſive ſallies of the ode.

If, in ſo difficult a tract, he ſhall be thought to have failed, he hopes at leaſt it will be remembered, that he had no model by which to form himſelf: for Denham's poem is a very limited performance; and the poem of the Alps, by the celebrated Haller, ſo well known to the learned world, is almoſt wholly a continued panegyric upon his countrymen.

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ARTHUR's SEAT:

A POEM.

THE ſullen Eaſt's long ling'ring blaſt
Retiring, comes the Spring at laſt.
Ethereal mildneſs! muſing, ſlow,
I wind along the princely brow
Of Salſb'ry's hanging cliffs, and climb
To lofty Arthur's Seat ſublime.

MAJESTIC hill! whoſe ſummit high
Proclaims afar to ſtranger's eye,
Where on her rock Edina lies,
And ſees a thouſand villas riſe;
And ſmiling rears, with conſcious pride,
Her beauteous daughter at her ſide:
Majeſtic hill! thy varied view
If I could trace with pencil true;

Nor, tow'ring o'er the Latian land,
With proud Soracte wouldſt thou ſtand;
Nor, riſing 'mid the Alpine throng,
Swell Helvetian Haller's ſong;
Nor wiſh the fertile ſite to fill,
Tho' Denham's theme, of Cooper's hill.

And lo! ſublime on airy height
I ſtand, and taſte the charms of ſight;
Wrapt in the dream by fancy brought,
In all the luxury of thought,
'Till catching ſoon the wand'ring fire,
I ſtrike, with careleſs hand, the lyre.

How wide the vaſt horizon round!
How blue the azure vault profound!
How clear, ſave where, in columns high,
The pillar'd ſmoke aſcends the ſky;
Or, by the breeze, at random toſt,
Fantaſtic wreathing down the coaſt.

See the mountain-top around,
All engrav'd the letter'd ground.
Inſcription frail! but longer keep
The Muſe's laſting letters deep;
If ſhe vouchſafe, on faithful ſtone
I too would write a name unknown.
Inſcription frail!---the name, the year
Defac'd, another, lo! appear;
Carv'd by wight of ſlender fame,
Who boaſts on Arthur's Seat his name.

Of envy thus, and time, the ſpoil,
Names enregiſter'd, with toil,
On faithleſs, icy, column clear
Of Fame's proud temple diſappear.

Scoopt in hollow gulfs below,
How the deep-ſunk vallies bow!
While, on joyous frolic bent,
Sliding down the long deſcent,

Schoolboy

Schoolboy glad, with cheerful cries,
Swift, with arms extended, flies.

CHILDHOOD hail! with vacant mind,
Happy, careleſs, unconfin'd!
Childhood hail! thrice precious time!
Of fleeting life too haſty prime!

GIVE, O give me back the day
Of early youth, unclouded, gay;
And I will give you back whate'er
Boaſting manhood holds moſt dear.

NOR youth --- impetuous, giddy, loud;
Nor age --- deſigning, ſelfiſh, proud;
Alas! alas! can e'er ſupply
The hours of ſweet tranquillity.

SEE pictureſque above the plain,
Where naked ruins ſtill remain;

Of

Of antique chapel veſtige rude;
Retreat for Muſe's hallow'd mood;
For here the ſainted reliques old
No crouds, admiring, now behold;
Nor frequent-paſſing pilgrim here
Drops, with his beads, Devotion's tear.

RELENTLESS time! and ſee the cell;
And ſee below the cryſtal well,
Where peaceful hermit daily went
To fetch the ſimple element;
With ſolemn pace, and hairy gown,
And penſive eyes caſt often down.

ADJOINING cloſe to royal towers
What diſmal deſolation lours!
Where the tall croſs erected high
Expreſſive greets the gazer's eye;
Where roofleſs ſtand, like manſion vile,
The Abbey's choir, and fluted ile,
In ruin venerable ſtill.

Stand --- but nodding to their fall,
The buttreſs nich'd, the pillar'd wall;
The marble ſhrine; the ſacred tomb;
The pointed arch with ſolemn gloom.
Rich in Gothic ſculpture trim,
Ruin'd by the hand of Time,
Leſs than by the barb'rous ſkill
Of modern, falls the noble pile.
And, lo! unvail'd to vulgar eye
Where kings and patriot heroes lie;
Where, ſafe in life's laſt manſion laid,
For ages ſlept the illuſtrious dead.

The venerable ſtructure near,
See princely Holyrood appear;
Deſerted Holyrood! no more
The ſplendid levee crouds thy door;
With piercing ſound of trumpet ſhrill
No more refounds the neighb'ring hill;

In martial guiſe when Barons bold
The rough career of tourney hold.

METHINKS I view with Fancy's eyes
The days of chivalry ariſe;
The pompous train, the liſted field,
The nodding plume, the antique ſhield,
The heralds charge, the echoing horn,
The trophy high in triumph borne,
The vizor clos'd, the reſted lance,
The vaulting knights that proudly prance,
The armour gleaming from afar,
The gorgeous ſteeds, the mimic war.

UP the ſlow aſcending hill
High Edina riſes ſtill;
While branching ſuburb ſtretches wide,
With ſkirting garden beautify'd;
And ſmoky columns ſtill ariſe;
And crown imperial ſeeks the ſkies.

Lifting

LIFTING, proud, a princely brow
O'er the ſubject town below,
In regal ſite, unhurt by time,
Winged caſtle ſtands ſublime.
King of the plain! with turrets crown'd,
And lofty battlements around;
Wak'd by whoſe thunder, thro' the ſkies
Affrighted echo trembling flies;
While, ether ſhook, from ſhore to ſhore
Leaps the repercurſive roar.

LIKE fleecy cloud, the diſtant ſail
Courts, for Edina's port, the gale.
Emporium ſmall! yet though we boaſt
No rival trade with England's coaſt;
Though now ſad Commerce penſive lies
On anchor fixt, with down-caſt eyes;
Yet Time has ſeen, with plenty crown'd,
Theſe now dejected ſhores around,

A thouſand frequent veſſels ſweep,
With buſy ſail, the Scottiſh deep.

ONWARD along the ſhore is ſeen
The jarring engine's huge machine;
Which, clanking diſmal, makes aſpire
The water from the ſeeds of fire.

BLACK-ISSUING ſtill from glaſs-houſe high,
The pitchy cloud pollutes the ſky;
So on Sicilian Ætna's head
For ever ſmokes volcano dread.

SICILIAN Ætna! what a height
For wand'ring Muſe's happieſt flight!
To trace, immenſe, on Nature's lap,
Extenſive drawn the mighty map;
Trinacria's iſle; the fertile plains,
Europa's ſtore, where Ceres reigns;

And Flora lives; the Muſes land,
Where tuneful ſhepherd, o'er the ſtrand,
Claſp'd, as he view'd below the deep,
The ſmiling fair, on rocky ſteep.

SICILIAN Ætna!—heedleſs lay!
As ſoon might Phebe's feeble ray
Match burning Sol's meridian beam,
As vie with this thy humble theme.

WHAT cannot art? ſee ſalter lave,
With buſy toil, the ſea-green wave;
Which forc'd by fire, in vapour hoar
To riſe—remains the briny ſtore.

HARD by where winds th' embayed flood
Lo! deep dy'd with Scottiſh blood,
The fatal fields!—in dread array,
Tho' the firm ſpear-men ſpread diſmay:

Alas!

Alas! to Rome not fatal more,
Nor Thraſimene, nor Trebia's ſhore;
Ticinus' wave; nor Cannæ's plain,
When red Aufidus ting'd the main.

But to the lake bright gleaming near,
What new-created ſcenes appear?
Who ſmiling leads, with graceful hand,
The infant Naiad o'er the land?
What Attic ſtructure ſhews the eye
How Grandeur courts Simplicity?
Whoſe ſpiral walk, and waving line
Diſcloſes ſweet the fair deſign?

Still o'erhung with waving woods,
Onward roll, Arcadian floods!
Romantic Eſcas; and in view
Stand thy princely domes, Buccleugh.

See Hawthornden's once vocal groves,
Where Eſca's cliffs and giant coves,
When Drummond liv'd his ſhades among,
Reſounded ſweet with plaintive ſong.

Mid ſhelving banks and mazy bowers
See caſtled Roſlin's falling towers;
No vulgar ruin—o'er the land
How thick the crouding bow-men ſtand!
And hark! the echoing heights above
Reſound; the Scottiſh ſtandards move.
" Shake the ſword, and ſound the ſhield,
" Now the proud oppreſſors yield!
" Burſt the bonds, and break the yoke"—
Thrice deſcends the mighty ſtroke!

What would the Muſe? forbear, forbear;
Nor dare to rouſe the Scottiſh ſpear;
Nor dare to dye the cryſtal flood;
—This, alas! is Britiſh blood!

How

How grand, with circling mountains crown'd,
In amphitheatre around,
The varied proſpect ſwells, from where,
The ſhades of woody Yeſter near,
Slow riſing Soutra's heights appear!

See Pentland huge, enormous pile!
Extenſive ranging many a mile;
Bleak, barren, brown, of duſky hue,
Oft interſpers'd with ſtreaks of blue;
Whoſe tow'ring tops, and ample breaſt,
The ſailing clouds do oft arreſt;
Where gullies deep intrench the ſides,
And mournful juniper reſides.

See lingring ſnow-tracts white remain
On rugged Ochil's rough domain;
While, weſtward far, the mountains high,
Like wreathing clouds, aſcend the ſky.

As tow'rs o'er many an Alpine hill
Valeſian Gothard's ſummit chill;
Whence Griſon ſees Verbanus clear,
And Larius, Lombard-lakes, appear;
And eaſtward to Benacus long,
Raging in Virgilian ſong:
So high Ben Lomond, capt with ſnow,
Surveys the beauteous lake below;
Where many a tufted iſland green,
And pendent woods adorn the ſcene;
And murmurs, with amuſive roar,
The long, white, ſhelving, pebbly ſhore;
And ruſhing, pour a thouſand rills
From ſalient baſe of fractur'd hills.

ROMANTIC height! thy ether keen
Inſpiring pureſt joy ſerene,
Methinks I breathe! methinks I view
Expanded lakes of azure hue,

Whoſe

Whoſe broad cerulean mirrors bright,
Reflecting, gleam with ſilver light;
The ſolemn wood of ſounding pine;
The lowing herd on ſteep decline;
The ranging hills, like rampire tall,
Shelt'ring the winding valleys ſmall;
Groteſque Ce Arſtur's * pendent peak,
Oft echoing wild with eagle's ſhriek;
Glencroe's deep gloom!—this wide ſurvey,
(Return, my fond excurſive lay!)
From whence the ſtraining eye can gain
The eaſtern ſea, and weſtern main;
We leave for future bard to ſing,
Hov'ring high on daring wing.

See Fife her adverſe coaſt extend
Where Lomond's double tops aſcend
Above the hilly range, and ſhroud
Their conic heads in paſſing cloud;

* Suidh Arſtfhir.

While

While far to north like girdle broad,
Runs the mighty Grampian road;
And o'er the ſtill withdrawing ſtrand
The peaky mountains diſtant ſtand;
Where many a ruin'd port appears,
Reflecting oft on former years.

WHY to the coaſt, once favour'd, rove
No more the teeming ſcaly drove
In morris-dance?—When trade declin'd,
Say why even Nature frown'd unkind?

AND, man of ſtate, the reaſon tell
Why ſtill our heaving friths muſt ſwell
With fleet Batavian, from our ſhores
To pilfer come, the ſhining ſtores?

WHY ſmiles the Genius of the deep?
" I give, and lo! they cannot keep!

" I give, and from their paſſive arms
" See others bear the glitt'ring ſwarms !"

DARES not the Muſe, prophetic, ſing
What brighter hours are on the wing?
How wak'ned Commerce, from the ſhore,
Fixt anchor heaving, ſleeps no more?
How wand'ring Forth and ſounding Clyde
Uniting, roll their friendly tide?

I SEE where gather'd heap around
Marks of Roman power the bound,
Wond'ring peaſant from the field
Dig the ſcarce-apparent ſhield;
The brazen ſpear; the inurned bones;
And, faithful ſtill, the letter'd ſtones.

I SEE, I ſee the long canal;
The crouded mart; the pond'rous bale;

The loaded crane; th' unwieldy tun;
I ſee the hurried ſailor run;
The gliding ſail; the ſtrange attire
Of foreign wight, that ſwains admire!

But why ſo late? the barb'rous ſhore
Of Euxine "hears the Baltic roar;"
And ages ſince thro' Gallia glide
The Midland ſea, and Ocean tide.

See coal-bark ply the lazy oar;
And fiſher ſweep the winding ſhore;
And all along the ſilver tide,
See the anchor'd veſſels ride;
Or with ſails outſtretched, ſlow,
Leave a trace where-e'er they go;
Projecting ſtill, in watry glaſs,
The maſt's tall ſhadow as they paſs;
For ſure ſo ſmooth the billows reſt,
The halcyon here might build her neſt.

BORNE on the Muſe's wings I fly,
Like Pallas, from the vaulted ſky;
And ſing the iſlands as I ſweep
Along the boſom of the deep.

FIRST the May—like azure ſhield
Dim-gleaming on a ſilver field;
Where, frequent, childleſs pilgrim fair
Requeſted oft the wiſh'd-for heir;
And hung at Adrian's ſplendid ſhrine
The votive gift for aid divine:
Where bleating flocks, and paſtures green,
By paſſing ſeaman ſtill are ſeen;
While ever ſcreaming ſea-fowl fly,
And, darting, ſeize the finny fry:
The May where flaming thro' the night,
Diſtant ſhines the beacon's light,
Cynoſure to ſailor's ſight.

SEE annual tranſmigration paſs
To rock immenſe, ſtupendous Baſs.

WAND'RERS! whither do you fly
In arduous voyage thro' the ſky,
When, high upborne on vig'rous wing,
From Caledonian rock you ſpring?
Who forms the rendezvous? the flight
Who leads thro' trackleſs ether bright?

WHAT cannot time? to conſtant ſhock
Of beating billows yields the rock!
And frequent hears th' oppoſed wall
Of ſtrong Tantallon, thundring, fall;
While conic Law on neighb'ring lands
Like pyramid Egyptian ſtands.

AND next illuſtrious Keith! whoſe fame
Thro' Europe bears the Scottiſh name,

Lamented

Lamented Keith! the iſland ſmall
That from thy family they call;
The Iſle of Horſes nam'd, when aid
Of Scottiſh valour Gaul repaid;
When bullying Courtier ſought t' engage
The Infant Heireſs of the age.

UNHAPPY Mary! can the Muſe
The tributary lay refuſe?
Unhappy Mary! injur'd name!
The ſport of Fortune! England's ſhame!

AND laſt, my wand'rer, ſee we come
To ſhelter'd bay, and old Inchcomb.

INCHCOMB renown'd! where ſtill remain
Relicts of invading Dane;
Where ſolitude and ſilence dwell
In ghaſtly hall and cloiſter'd cell;
Save when, diſturb'd by ſtrangers call,
From grove of baneful hemlock tall,

(Long ages ſince the reedy wood
Dreadful roſe from Daniſh blood!)
Owl obſcene, moleſted, ſprings,
Drowſy-flapping flabby wings;
And to haunt accuſtom'd hies,
Length'ning long her curſed cries;
Or to vaulted aile retires
Screaming loud thro' vocal quires;
To midnight-vigil, mattin-ſong,
Of monk ſequeſter'd, vocal long;
Whoſe ancient monaſtry appears
Doom'd to live a length of years;
'Scapt the ſacrilegious hand
When ſcour'd reformer o'er the land;
And happly 'ſcapt, in modern age,
Of ſoldier beat the brutal rage.

THESE iſlands deck the ſcene below,
Bodotrian Archipelago!

While

While many a field of ſpringing corn,
Fantaſtic ſhap'd, the land adorn;
Beneath whoſe robe of ſmiling green
Bluſhing Autumn lurks unſeen;
Unſeen, ſave by the piercing eye
Of poet wrapt in ecſtaſy.

SEE valleys wind, and plains extend,
And rivers flow, and hills aſcend;
And city proud with gilded ſpires,
Whoſe ſmoky column ſtill aſpires;
And croſſing road, and broad highway
Leading ſtill to village gay;
And gleaming ocean's blue ſerene
Enliv'ning ſweet the varied ſcene;
Sublime tho' varied — objects lie
In beautiful ſimplicity.

FROM where admiring ſtranger ſtands
And Stirling's royal view commands;

(Thy

(Thy glories either Johnſton ſings,
Cradle of an hundred kings!)
Where in many a graceful ſweep
Wand'ring Fortha ſeeks the deep;
(Beauteous proſpect! ſuch a ſcene
Britain boaſts not; nor the Seine,
All obſequious as ſhe runs,
Yields to ſmooth Lutetia's ſons;
Not Auſonia's frequent height
More can boaſt the charms of ſight;
Nor winding, ſhuns Meander more,
On Aſian plains, the Phrygian ſhore.)

FROM where fell, the Forth beſide,
The creſted plume of Edward's pride;
(The crimſon fields! how frequent ſpread
Where diſunited Britain bled!)
To where, in fartheſt eaſt, the eye
The May, dim-gleaming, can deſcry;

—What

—What a proſpect! what a field!
Yield, imperial Windſor, yield!
Tho' thy Thames, with conſcious pride,
Onward rolls his wealthy tide;
Tho', to grace thy varied ſcene,
Huge Auguſta ſtill is ſeen;
Where, fading from the view, retire
Temple, dome, and burning ſpire.

Auguſta proud! Auguſta mean!
Of venal party noiſy ſcene!
Unmanner'd railer!—but we ſcorn
Abuſe illib'ral to return.

The head when drooping Freedom hung,
Say whence the gen'rous ardour ſprung?
Yet mov'd by no fantaſtic name,
Here blaz'd, for real wrongs, the flame;
Yet unlicentious ſtill, tho' free,
Alone with freedom they agree;

Who know the mighty boon to prize;
Who coward inſolence deſpiſe.

THO' modeſt, prodigal of life;
Serene amid the bloody ſtrife
Our daring ſons — thro' many an age,
Th' unequal conflict doom'd to wage.

WHY rides not George the royal round?
Why ſees he not his iſland's bound?

HERE airy mountains, waving woods,
Romantic vales, and falling floods,
And cryſtal lakes, and rivers clear,
Where teeming myriads ſtill appear.

HERE Faith and old Simplicity
Reſide with Hoſpitality;
Reſide — while ſtill our mountains grace
A much-enduring, manly race;

Of

Of danger lovers, and alarms;
In every field the pride of arms.

FORTUNE, capricious power! to thee
Not here we bend the ſervile knee;
Capricious power! thy tinſel glare,
Thy luſtre falſe, with idiot-ſtare,
None here admire—for oft we find
Thy favours court th' unworthy mind.

FROM barb'rous rage, and Gothic night,
Here Science ſtopt her weſtern flight;
And lo! while ſlept the nations round
In darkeſt ignorance profound,
The wand'ring Muſes hither fly;
And ſtill they love our northern ſky.

HARK! a deeply-ſolemn ſound
Echoes from the rocks around!

'Tis

'Tis the voice of Cona proud,
Bending awful from his cloud.

How majeſtic he appears!
" Prince of Morven! king of ſpears!
" Voice of Cona! ſoul of fire!
" Strike, O ſtrike the airy lyre!"

EDINA! boaſt not — thee an age
Of biggot fury's fierceſt rage —
Oft ſtain'd with cruel deed — on high
See the bloody banner fly
O'er inſulted Majeſty!

WHO, in conſcious virtue proud,
Eyes below th'ignoble croud?
Like victor from triumphal car,
In all the pomp of Roman war;
With mural wreaths, and naval, crown'd;
While hoſtile ſtandards gleam around,

And

And brazen beaks from veſſels torn;
And captive kings the train adorn.

WITH all thy energy divine,
Muſe! animate the glowing line.

SEE Montroſe—immortal name!
Scotland's glory! Scotland's ſhame!
See Montroſe—the hero's pride!
To the lofty gibbet ty'd!
While the nation's Genius near,
Raving ſheds th' impatient tear;
And miſuſed Virtue ſtands,
Praying with uplifted hands;
And indignant Honour nigh,
Looks reproaches to the ſky.
—Even the bloody bigots round
Water, with their tears, the ground.

GIVE me the bold Alcæan lyre,
The burning rage of patriot fire!

BURSTS not the lightning from the ſky?
Where does the paſſive thunder lie?
—Impatient Muſe! and muſt we ſing
How vengeance came on dreadful wing?

COOPT up ſee Cromwel in Dunbar!
—Urge not now th' unſkilful war;
Unmoleſted let him go;
A bridge of gold for ſuch a foe!
—But they will fight—and they will yield.
—Who deſert the ſhameful field?
How the baſe, fanatic band
Load, with laſting ſhame, the land!

WHERE is the gallant race that roſe
Like old Antæus on their foes?

Whoſe

Whoſe valour, thro' the world renown'd,
Contracted oft the Roman bound;
And ſtill to fierce invader gave,
His father's fate, a bloody grave;
'Till Daniſh rover fear'd to land,
And, trembling, view'd the Scottiſh ſtrand.

WHERE is the lofty ſpirit fled
Of Honour, Virtue, Freedom bred;
That ſtill thro' ſtruggling ages broke,
Indignant-ſpurning, Engliſh yoke;
And taught oppreſſors proud to yield
In many a well-conteſted field?
—Eclips'd, eclips'd, alas! appears
The glory of a thouſand years!
Debas'd, debas'd the nation lyes
In gloom fanatic, cant, and lies!

DETESTED age! the Muſe humane
The horrid tale revolves with pain.

From

From Superſtition's gloomy ſky,
See the affrighted Muſes fly!
Blaſted in the diſmal ſhade,
See the Scottiſh laurel fade!

THE proſpect clears at laſt, and come
The willing Maids; the laurels bloom.

To uſher in the ſmiling years,
Nature's gentle bard appears!
Deſcriptive Thomſon! on thy head
Every Muſe ſweet influence ſhed.

ETHEREAL mildneſs! while the Spring
Her chearful robe of green ſhall bring;
And ſoftens the relenting year;
And flowers with ſilken leaves appear;
And purple heath, and bloſſom'd field,
Around their balmy fragrance yield;

And genial Nature ſmiles, and gay
Salutes the roſy-footed May:
WHILE lofty Summer's ſultry hour
Calls for cool ſequeſter'd bow'r;
And poet, negligently laid,
Haunts cryſtal ſtream, and ſylvan ſhade;
And daſhing cat'racts, foaming, fall;
And thunder rolls thro' airy hall;
And nimble lightnings flaſh; and round
Start the gloomy woods profound:
WHILE Autumn gilds, from regions bright,
The happy world with golden light;
And Libra weighs, ſerene and clear,
In equal ſcales, the falling year;
And woodlands raiſe their lateſt ſong;
And wand'rer weeps the leaves among,
When dying Nature ſeems to call,
Prepare, prepare my funeral!
WHILE Winter, wrapt in midnight-glooms,
Father of the tempeſt, comes;

And calls his ruffian blaſts, and reigns,
Ruthleſs tyrant! o'er the plains;
And roars the river down the dale,
Arreſted oft by icy gale;
And ſhakes the ſounding world defac'd;
And ruſhes wild the watry waſte:
—While rounding thus the varied year,
The circling ſeaſons ſtill appear;
So long ſhall laſt thy matchleſs ſong,
Gentleſt of the tuneful throng!

How the long reſounding ſhore
Echoes deep, with hollow roar!
How the ſound, in diſtance loſt,
Dies along the winding coaſt!
Again the daſhing billows rave,
Onward rolls th' unwearied wave;
Onward rolls—and from afar
Another brings the watry war.

Thus the never-ceaſing tide
Makes the ſtrand, with haſty ſtride;
Makes the ſtrand—and ſoon the main
Shrinks into itſelf again:
—Emblem, ſtill, in ev'ry age,
Meet for moralizing ſage.

How ruin'd tower, and caſtle old,
Take, of muſing Fancy, hold!
And ſeem, as haſt'ning they decay,
To penſive wanderer to ſay,
What Naples' trembling ſons, with dread,
On monument recording read;
When ruſhing, red, with hideous roar,
Veſuvius' lava ſeeks the ſhore;
And ſtorm ſulphureous ſhakes the ground,
Sad Parthenope around.

DAUGHTER, come, of heaven high!
Sing of mutability;

Sing,

Sing, in higher numbers clear,
Theme befitting mortal ear.
Moralizer, come!—demand
The ſolemn ſtrains no vulgar hand.

SEE the circling wand'rers range;
Turns the wheel of ceaſeleſs change!
Turns—and lo! the forms advance,
Paſſing ſwift in endleſs dance;
While man on man, and age on age,
Shifting, glide along the ſtage:
Turns—and lo! proud empires yield;
And wand'ring ſtranger ſeeks the field
Where mighty city ſtood—The head
Who penſive waves, on ruins laid
Of Carthage once imperial?—" Bear,
" Lictor! to Sextilius' ear
" My anſwer—Prætor! fear the ſkies;
" On ruin'd Carthage Marius lyes!"

SEE

See the circling wand'rers range;
Turns the wheel of ceaſeleſs change!
Turns — and lo! the mountains high
Deſcend; the valleys ſeek the ſky.
While ſtealing flow, amid the jar
Of elements in endleſs war,
Ocean leaves his wonted bed;
And lo! the ſounding billows ſpread
O'er lands of old renown — the deep
Elſewhere withdrawing, mountains ſteep
Uprear their heads; and Plenty's horn
Shall ſhower on iſlands yet unborn;
And where unbounded flows the main,
Shall flouriſh ſweet the ſylvan reign.

Turns, of ceaſeleſs change, the wheel,
And lo! the giddy wand'rers reel.
In Time's wide vortex loſt, decay
Th' eternal fires, and ſtar of day;

And ſhines no more, with borrow'd light,
The ſilver planet of the night;
And ceaſe to roll the giddy balls;
And ruin univerſal falls.

UNDER feet of mortal wight,
Wrapt in baſeleſs viſion bright;
Or treading firm the ſtage of life,
Pleaſure's ſlave, or fool of Strife;
Or deep engag'd in buſy ſcene;
—Sinking pitfal drops unſeen.

BUT whither wanders, unconfin'd,
From mortal fetters free, the mind?

WHAT art thou, animating flame?
Informer of this brittle frame?
Celeſtial phoſporus, whoſe light
Is all too fine for mortal ſight!

Reflecting

Reflecting mirror! faithleſs ſtream,
Where truths commixt with error gleam!

In wonderful connection join'd,
Can matter influence the mind?
—From the fine net-work of the brain,
Feel'ſt thou th' appulſe of joy or pain;
Like watchful inſect from the thread
Of central web around her ſpread?
When frantic fever boils the blood
Rid'ſt thou, ſerene, the rolling flood?
In ſultry heat, and freezing cold,
Canſt thou determin'd purpoſe hold?
—Alas! when clouds the ſky deform,
I feel within th' impending ſtorm;
Breaks thro' the gloom the ſtar of day?
My ſoul too ſhines ſerene and gay.

As fades inſcription on the ſand,
When tide impetuous ſeeks the ſtrand;

Men,

Men, kingdoms, empires, worlds decay,
In gulf oblivious ſwept away!

THOU flutt'ring inſect of an hour!
"What then is grandeur, what is power?"
Deluded wight! what then avail
Thy vain attempts, and projects frail?
Nor trace, nor veſtige ſhall remain—
Moralizer! cloſe the ſtrain.

FOR ſee! his courſe diurnal run,
In flaming weſt deſcends the ſun;
While, in beauteous contraſt bright,
Gleams the many-colour'd light;
And lo! in ſhape fantaſtic ſpread,
Falls the mountain's lengthen'd ſhade;
And hark! like ſolemn-ſounding knell,
Diſtant curfew's doleful bell
(So Dante ſings, and gentle Gray)
Seems to mourn the death of day.

HAIL

HAIL peace of mind! with thee how ſweet
To ſit ſublime on airy ſeat!
On airy ſeat whoſe ſummit high
Lifts the ſoul from earth to ſky!
Careleſs, caſting oft the ſight
On diſtant views of calm delight;
Or penſive, liſt'ning to the roar
Of daſhing wave on ſounding ſhore!
—How ſweet, from noiſy concourſe fled,
And, ſtep by ſtep, at random led,
To ſeek amuſing thought, and climb
To lofty Arthur's Seat ſublime!

23 AU 62

NOTES to the preceding POEM.

—— the princely brow
Of Salſb'ry's hanging cliffs.

p. 1. ℣ 5.

The park adjoining to the palace of Holyroodhouſe (the Eſcurial of Scotland) is about four miles in circumference; conſiſting almoſt entirely of ſteep, craggy mountains; from which, in many places, vaſt rocks have, at different times, fallen into the valleys below. Neareſt to the city are Saliſbury Craigs, a lofty, ſemicircular range of hanging precipices, facing the ſouth-weſt, and appearing, at a diſtance, not unlike a huge ruinous amphitheatre; the boldneſs of which ſtrikes with an idea of grandeur and ſublimity. Theſe, declining gently backwards to the north-eaſt, form an immenſe hollow or baſon with Arthur's Seat, which riſes with a ſteep aſcent in three tops; tho' that denomination more particularly reſpects the higheſt peak. This hill, being nearly 800 feet above the level of the ſea, was one of the ancient beacons where a fire was lighted up to give the quickeſt alarm of an invading enemy. — If viewed from the ſouth ſide of the caſtle-hill of Edinburgh, eſpecially about ſun-ſet, it has been thought ſomewhat to reſemble the head and back of a camel.

The vulgar tradition, that Arthur's Seat originates from a Britiſh prince or chief of that name viewing a battle from the top of

it, may not perhaps be altogether ſo fabulous as our antiquaries have generally ſuppoſed. For, that ſuch was the cuſtom of the ancient inhabitants of this iſland, is evident, from the poems of Oſſian.*

Nor does it follow, becauſe incredible fables have been related of King Arthur, that no ſuch perſonage ever exiſted. — *Suidh Arſtf hir* being the Gaelic for Arthur's Seat, there is a remarkable hill of that name in the entry to the romantic valley of Glencroe, at the head of Loch Long, hitherto unobſerved by antiquaries.

Of antique chapel veſtige rude;

p. 5. ℣ 1.

St Anthony's chapel is ſituated on an eminence at the north-weſt extremity of Arthur's Seat. It appears from Knox's Hiſtory of the Reformation in Scotland, that this chapel was cannonaded by the Engliſh, at the ſiege of Leith, a battery of the Queen-Regent's party, from its ſteeple, having then greatly annoyed them. — The ruins of the hermit's cell are ſtill viſible; but St Anton's well, ſo celebrated of old for its miraculous, but probably fabulous, cures, has lately been filled up.

* "My ſword ſhall wave on that hill, and be the ſhield of my people. "— High on Cromla's ſide he ſat, waving the lightning of his ſword, and "as he waved we moved."

Fingal, b. 4.

Subjoined

Subjoined is a ſtanza of one of the oldeſt Scottiſh ballads; many of which are precious relicts of beautiful and affecting ſimplicity.

O wherefore ſhu'd I buſk my head?
O wherefore ſhu'd I kame my hair?
Sin my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never loe me mair.
Now Arthur's Seat ſall be my bed,
The ſheets ſall neir be fyl'd by me:
Sanct Anton's well ſall be my drink,
For of my life I am wearie.

Where the tall croſs erected high

p. 5. ℣ 15.

The ancient abbey of Holyroodhouſe, founded by David I. in 1128, and ſaid to have been the richeſt monaſtery in Scotland, was burnt by the Engliſh army after the battle of Pinkey. The inſolent inſcription by a captain of the Engliſh pioneers, who then *conquered* the baptiſmal font, and preſented it to the church of St Albans, is well known. *See Cambden's Brit. in Com. Hertford.* —— The conventual church, a beautiful piece of Gothic architecture, has lately become a ruin, its roof having fallen in by ſcandalous miſmanagement.

Courts, for Edina's port, the gale.

p. 8. ℣ 12.

——— pendentiaque undique rector
Carbaſa deducit, ne qua levis effluit aura.
Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 6.

Black-iſſuing ſtill from glaſs-houſe high,

p. 9. ℣ 7.

In England a glaſs-houſe never fails to excite a diſagreeable idea, owing to their diſguſting frequency in many places of that level country; but this is by no means the caſe in Scotland, where they are ſeldom to be met with.

Sicilian Ætna! what a height

p. 9. ℣ 11.

Alluding to the animated deſcription of the proſpect from that mountain in Mr Brydon's late tour thro' Sicily and Malta.

Where tuneful ſhepherd, o'er the ſtrand,

p. 10. ℣ 2.

" It is not for me to poſſeſs the kingdom of Pelops, nor talents
" of gold, nor to run ſwifter than the winds; but I will ſing under
" this rock, while the ſheep feed around, preſſing thee within my
" arms, and viewing, at the ſame time, the ſea of Sicily."

Theocritus. Idyl. 8.

——thy humble theme.

p. 10. ℣ 8.

Alluding, not to the ſubject of the poem, but to the comparative

parative ſmallneſs of the object which gave occaſion to introduce Mount Ætna.

——— See ſalter lave,

p. 10. ℣ 9.

It is well known how much it coſt Boileau to expreſs poetically his periwig. Perhaps the author had equal difficulty to overcome in the occupation here deſcribed: but the truth is, there are few objects ſo mean that poetry cannot ennoble.

Tho' the firm ſpear-men ſpread diſmay:

p. 10. ℣ 16.

Alluding to the gallant ſtand made by that body at the battle of Pinkey, ſo fatal to Scotland.

But to the lake bright gleaming near,

p. 11. ℣ 5.

A little to the ſouth of the rural village of Duddingſton, the Earl of Abercorn has lately built one of the fineſt houſes in Scotland, the policies of which are laid out with taſte, and have been much admired.

Valeſian Gothard's ſummit chill;

p. 14. ℣ 2.

" A Vareſe, ultimo luogo dello Stato di Milano, mi licentiai

" dall'

" dall' Italia; ch' ivi ella commincia a perdere il nome, e la lingua.
" Tutto il reſto fin qui è ſtato Alpi, balze, dirupi, precipitii, una
" ſopra un' altra montagna, e San Gotardo ſopra di tutte, che
" porta le nevi in cielo; e ch'a me hora hà fatto vedere l'inverno
" di mezza ſtate."

Lettere del Card. Bentivoglio.

" Car ici, où le ſommet du Gothard s'éléve au deſſus des nuës;
" où le ſoleil éclaire de plus près un monde élévé, la nature
" variée a renfermé dans un petit pays tout ce que la terre peut
" produire de curieux."

Les Alpes, par M. Haller.

Raging in Virgilian ſong:

p. 14. ℣ 6.

——te, Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu aſſurgens, Benace marino.

Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

——high Ben Lomond, capt with ſnow;

p. 14. ℣ 7.

Along the eaſt ſide of the moſt beautiful lake in Britain runs a long, parallel, mountainous ridge, which riſes at the northern extremity, near the head of the lake, in a lofty ſummit, ſaid to be 3240 feet high, called *Ben Lomond*.—This mountain is very conſpicuous amid that auguſt amphitheatre which forms the magnificent

magnificent back-ground to the north-weſt proſpect from Arthur's Seat.

Glencroe's deep gloom!——

p. 15. ℣ 9.

This valley, long, narrow, and gloomy, winds, for ſixteen miles, between diſmal craggy mountains, thro' which the military road is carried from Loch Long to Loch Fyne. — Upon a very high paſs, in the middle of this glen, in a moſt romantic ſituation, are raiſed rows of ſemicircular ſeats, faced with turf, meant as a reſting-place for the army. with a ſtone in the center of the ſemicircles, bearing this Inſcription, REST AND BE THANKFUL.

We leave for future bard to ſing,

p. 15. ℣ 13.

Verum hæc ipſe equidem, ſpatiis excluſus iniquis,
Prætereo, atque aliis poſt commemoranda relinquo.

Virg. Georg. lib. 4.

Reflecting oft on former years.

p. 16. ℣ 6.

No country in Britain can boaſt of ſo many ſea-port towns as Fife, tho' moſt of them, indeed, are falling to decay. — A noted ſaying of James V. concerning that county, tho' not mentioned by any author, is, from general tradition, well known in Scotland, viz. "That he thought it reſembled an old, clouted cloak

" of hodden grey, fringed with ſilver lace." The ſituation of Fife, being a peninſula formed by the two friths; the great quantity of barren heath and mooriſh ground in that county; and its ſouth coaſt being lined with a continued ſucceſſion of harbours, towns, and villages, all populous, and then flouriſhing; ſeem to have ſuggeſted the whimſical compariſon. — The cloak appears now to be of better ſtuff, but the trimming is much tarniſhed, and in tattered condition.

The following Latin verſes, both written about the beginning of laſt century, will give ſome idea of what the coaſt of Fife pretends to have loſt by the acceſſion of James VI. to the crown of England; and more particularly by the union of the kingdoms.

Oppida ſic toto ſunt ſparſa in littore, ut unum
Dixeris; inque uno plurima juncta eadem.
Littore quot curvo Forthæ volvuntur arenæ,
Quotque undis refluo tunditur ora ſalo;
Pene tot hic cernas inſtratum puppibus æquor,
Urbibus et crebis tot ora hominum.
Cuncta operis intenta domus fœda otia neſcit,
Sedula cura domi, ſedula cura foris.
Quæ maria et quas non terras animoſa juventus
Ah! fragili fidens audet adire trabe;
Auxit opes virtus, virtuti dura pericla
Juncta, etiam lucro damna fuere ſuo.
Quæ fecere viris animos, cultumque dedere;
Magnanimis proſunt damna, pericla, labor.

Auctore, Joanne Johnſton.

Oppida, quæ longo lavat hinc Bodotria tractu,
Flatibus a boreæ, Grampius inde tegit.

Flectere

Flectere vos docuit Neptuni dextera remos,
Et cava nimbosis pandere vela Notis.
Nec vos Scylla vorax, nec terret vasta Charybdis,
Nec vada Dulichiæ quæ metuere rates.
Seu Syrtes tentare juvat, seu radere cautes
Cyaneas, vobis invia nulla via est.
Nec satis est sulcare fretum, Fergusia vobis
Cogitur abstrusos pandere terra sinus.
Illius in gremio concluſos quæritis ignes,
Et prope Tartarei cernitis ora Jovis.
Artibus et vestris liquidus lapidescere pontus
Cogitur, et sal fit, quod prius unda fuit.
Montibus excisas ne jactet Saxo Salinas,
Largius has vobis sufficit æquor opes.
Scotia vos celebret, vestro sine munere brumæ
Sunt nimis atroces, insipidæque dapes.

Auctore, Arcturo Johnston.

Why smiles the Genius of the deep?

p. 16. ℣ 15.

It is to be lamented, that the herring and coast fishery, that inestimable advantage attending our insular situation, so long and so shamefully neglected; that inexaustible mine from which Britain might annually extract so many millions; in a word, that immense nursery for seamen, to which Holland owes her grandeur, and, wanting which, Russia, notwithstanding her present navy, can never be a maritime power — it is surely to be lamented, that so truly national an object should not have been more successful, should even labour under discouragements.

It

It is ſaid, that if the premium, paid by the public only to large buſhes, which require a conſiderable ſtock, were extended to ſmaller veſſels that can be fitted out at little expence; and if certain dues, accounted, eſpecially in bad ſeaſons, an oppreſſive burden by the adventurers, without drawing in any thing to government, were aboliſhed: the number of buſhes would be mightily increaſed; the fiſheries carried on with a ſpirit hitherto unknown; and the adventurers enabled to underſell their aſſiduous rivals even in the Flemiſh markets.

Marks of Roman power the bound,

p. 17. ℣ 10.

Hic ſpe progreſſus poſitâ, Carronis ad undam
Terminus Auſonii, ſignat divortia regni.

Buchanan. Epithalamio Mariæ.

Wond'ring peaſant from the field

p. 17. ℣ 11.

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cùm finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabrâ rubigine pila;
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes;
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

Virg. Georg. lib. 1.

—the

— the ſcarce-apparent ſhield;

p. 17. ℣ 12.

Amongſt the antiquities found near the Roman camps and ſtations in Scotland are oblong ſhields, generally of braſs; ſwords of braſs, and ſcabbards of the ſame metal: the points of the *frameæ* and *pilæ* are alſo found of braſs. — The Roman altars lately found at digging the canal, are ſuppoſed to be the moſt entire of any diſcovered in Britain.

—— Adrian's ſplendid ſhrine

p. 19. ℣ 9.

Adrian is ſaid to have been a Scottiſh prieſt in the tenth century, who was murdered by the Danes, in the iſle of May, in one of their laſt expeditions, before they landed on the continent; and to whom a chapel was dedicated, which was long a famous pilgrimage for barren women from many places of Europe. — May or Mey, in the ancient Gothic, ſignifies a *green iſland*; ſo called from its being entirely covered with graſs.

Of ſtrong Tantallon, ——

p. 20. ℣ 12.

The remaining walls of this ancient caſtle are exceeding thick. It ſtands upon a rocky peninſula, almoſt oppoſite to the Baſs, and

appears to have been of conſiderable ſtrength, having ſtood a ſiege famous in Scottiſh hiſtory.

The Iſle of Horſes nam'd,——

p. 21. ℣ 3.

L'iſle de Chevaux, ſo called by the French, from its paſture being ſuppoſed ſoon to fatten horſes. *See M. Begue's Hiſtory of the Scots civil war in* 1559.

Relicts of invading Dane;

p. 21. ℣ 14.

Scotland has been called the burial-place of the Danes, from their frequent defeats in that country during the ſpace of two complete centuries. In their laſt great attempt upon Fife, the few who eſcaped to their ſhips are ſaid to have procured, with a great ſum of money, that their leaders and chiefs, who fell in the battle, ſhould be buried in Inchcomb. Their monument is ſtill to be ſeen at the weſt end of the iſland; being a ſtone ſhaped ſomewhat like a coffin, with a fierce-looking head rudely carved at each end.

Thy glories either Johnſton ſings,

p. 24. ℣ 1.

Regia ſublimis celſa deſpectat ab arce,
Pendula ſub biferis mœnia ſtructa jugis.

Regum

Regum auguſta parens! Regum nutricula natis!
Hinc ſibi regifico nomine tota placet.
Hoſpita ſed cuivis, quovis ſub nomine, amicus
Sive es, ſive non es, hoſpes an hoſtis item,
Pro lucro cedit damnum; diſcordia triſtis
Heu quoties, procerum ſanguine, tinxit humum!
Hoc uno infelix, at felix cætera, nuſquam
Lætior aut cœli frons, geniuſve ſoli.

Joanne Johnſton.

Sterlino quis digna canat? Cunabula reges
Hic ſua ſecuris impoſuere jugis.
Aura ſalutifera eſt, facit hoc vicinia cœli,
Nec datur a ſævo, tutior, hoſte, locus.
Adſpicis hic geminas ſtructas in rupibus arces;
Tectaque Tarpeii turribus æqua Jovis.
Fortha triumphales hic dum fugit, excipit arcus,
Cogitur et curvo ſubdere, colla, jugo.
Haud aliter Phrygiis ludit Meander in oris,
Sæpe fluit, trepidans, ſæpe recurſat aqua.
Orbe pererrato, levis huc veſtigia flectens
Advena, miratur ruris et urbis opes.
Admiranda quidem ſunt hæc, et carmine digna,
Plus tamen hic virtus martia, laudis, habet:
Non ſemel Auſonios Sterlinum reppulit enſes,
Limes et imperii quem bibit, amnis erat.

Arcturo Johnſton.

Beauteous proſpect!——

p. 24. ℣ 5.

The ignorance of the majority of Britiſh travellers, with regard to

to the beauties of nature in their own iſland, is ſaid to have become almoſt proverbial on the continent. — A certain young nobleman in this predicament, making the tour of Europe, not many years ago, met with a conſiderable mortification in a company of foreigners of diſtinction. Expreſſing, it ſeems, upon every occaſion, that indiſcriminate and childiſh admiration which fails not to diſguſt; an old, cruſty, general officer, who had been in Scotland, and who was an adept in Britiſh hiſtory, told him the following anecdote. "That he had heard it was the cuſtom "in Queen Eliſabeth's time, when an Engliſhman applied to the "privy council for a licence to travel, that he was generally re-"mitted to the treaſurer Burleigh to be examined concerning "England; and that if he could not give ſatisfactory anſwers to "that old miniſter, he was deſired to ſtay at home till he had pro-"perly ſtudied his own country." —— If, continued the officer, you had had the curioſity, before ſetting out upon your travels, to have viſited the beauties of art and nature in Britain; and, particularly, if you had ſeen the extenſive and delightful proſpect from the caſtle of Stirling, which is famous even upon the continent; or from that celebrated eminence in Fife, which ſtruck the Roman legions of old with amazement: — you would have learned to adopt, with every ſenſible traveller, the "*nil admirari*" of Horace; or, at leaſt, not to laviſh exceſſive admiration upon ordinary proſpects.

Unmanner'd railer! ——

p. 25. ℣ 11.

The tools of party ſtill continue their ſenſeleſs and unmerited abuſe of the Scots; witneſs ſome late publications. — They will ſtill

ſtill continue to receive the moſt provoking of all anſwers, ſilent contempt.

——— fanatic band

p. 30. ℣ 13.

Though it is perhaps to the Covenanters we are indebted for our civil liberties, it is ſurely impoſſible to read the hiſtory of their tranſactions without indignation. — But the liberal ſpirit of the preſent learned and reſpectable clergymen in Scotland is too well known to ſuppoſe any apology here neceſſary.

——— fear'd to land,

p. 31. ℣. 5.

" Danos, toties male tentatis in Scotiam expeditionibus, jure-
" jurando ſanxiſſe ferunt, ſe nunquam hoſtiliter eo redituros."

Buchanan. Hiſt. Scot.

On monument recording read;

p. 35. ℣ 12.

Examinez tout ce qu'on appelle tableaux pathetiques dans la nature; il ſemble qu'on y liſe la même inſcription qui fut gravée ſur une pyramide élévée en memoire d'une eruption du Veſuve: *Poſteri! poſteri! veſtra rès agitur.*

Poetique Françoiſe, par M. Marmontel.

On ruin'd Carthage Marius lyes!

p. 36. ℣ 18.

There is perhaps nothing in hiſtory that leaves a deeper and more laſting impreſſion upon the mind, of the viciſſitude of human affairs, than the following paſſage of Plutarch, in the life of Marius.

"But he was ſcarce got aſhore with a ſmall retinue, when an officer met him, and ſaid, "Sextilius the Prætor forbids thee, "Marius, to ſet foot in Africa: if thou doſt, he ſays he muſt put "the decree of the ſenate in execution, and treat thee as an e-"nemy to the Romans." When Marius heard this, he wanted words to expreſs his grief and reſentment; and for a good while was ſilent, looking ſternly upon the meſſenger; who aſked him, what anſwer he ſhould return to the Prætor? Marius at laſt replied, with a deep ſigh, "Tell him, that thou haſt ſeen the exiled "Marius ſitting on the ruins of Carthage!"

While ſtealing flow, amid the jar

P. 37. ℣ 5.

The following circumſtances, obſervable from Arthur's Seat, ſuggeſted the idea of introducing M. Buffon's theory concerning the formation of mountains.

1*ſt*, It is impoſſible for a diſcerning eye not to obſerve, that the indented redans of theſe hills, and their ſalient angles, corre-

ſpond;

ſpond; or, in other words, that the hollows of the valleys are always in proportion to the projecting eminencies.

2*d*, The links of Leith, and ſeveral other places on the ſouth ſide of the frith of Forth, appear evidently to have been deſerted by the ſea.

3*d*, This is ſtill more evident along the coaſt of Fife, where the ſouth face of many of the hills is entirely compoſed of ſea-ſand. It is likewiſe certain from Knox's account of the ſiege of the caſtle of St Andrew's in 1546, that the ſea muſt then have come up to it, tho' now diſtant above a quarter of a mile.

Under feet of mortal wight,

p. 38. ℣ 5.

——— improviſa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.

Horace, ode 13. *lib.* 2.

Celeſtial phoſphorus, ———

P. 38. ℣ 15. ———

"The ſpirit of man is the lamp of God—"

Proverbs of Solomon, ch. 20. ℣ 27.

Reflecting

Reflecting mirror! faithleſs ſtream,

p. 39. ℣ 1.

" God hath framed the mind of man as a mirror, or glaſs, " capable of receiving the image of the univerſe."

Lord Bacon, Of the advancement of learning, lib. 1.

" As an unequal looking-glaſs changes the rays of objects ac- " cording to its own figure and cutting, even ſo the mind, when it " ſuffers impreſſion from things by ſenſe, in thinking and diſcharging " her notions, falſely inſinuates and incorporates her own nature " with the nature of things."

Id. lib. preface.

Alas! when clouds the ſky deform,

P. 39. ℣ 13.

To me the ſun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few there be

Cowley's hymn to light.

——— every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon; and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except yourſelf.

Pope's works, Letter to a lady.

Diſtant

Diſtant curfeu's doleful bell

p. 40. ℣ 16.

Era già l'hora, che volge 'l diſio
A naviganti, e'ntenerifce 'l cuore
Lo dì, ch' han detto a dolci amici addio;
E che lo nouve peregrin d'amore
Punge, ſe ode ſquilla di lontano,
Che paja'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.

Dante, canto 8. *del Purgat.*

Gray ſeems to have been fond of Dante. The reader will eaſily recollect four beautiful lines in *The deſcent of Odin*, that certainly allude to the following paſſage of the Italian poet.

L'oſſa del corpo mio ſarieno ancora
In co del ponte ———
Or le bagna la pioggia, e muove 'l vento.

Canto 3. *del Purgat.*

Lifts the ſoul from earth to ſky!

p. 41. ℣ 4.

Levan, di terra al ciel, noſtr' intelletto.

Petrarcha, ſon. 10.

23 AU 62

E L Y S I U M:

A D R E A M.

Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes, corpore liber, eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum.

MILTON.

23 AU 62

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE fourth book of the Æneid is univerſally allowed to be the moſt precious, and highly finiſhed part of the moſt valuable monument of antiquity. Exhibiting a noble diſplay of the glories of his art, Virgil ſeems there to have exerted the utmoſt efforts of a brilliant imagination; equally capable of ennobling the ſublime, and embelliſhing the beautiful. The deſcent of Æneas into the infernal regions, the aſtoniſhing ſecrets of the land of ſhadows, the *inania regna*, the gloomy horror of Tartarus, the bliſsful manſions of Elyſium—theſe are painted in colours ſo amazingly ſingular, exquiſite, and lively, that, ſtruck with awful wonder, the youthful mind fails not, during life, to retain the indelible impreſſion.

ADVERTISEMENT.

STRICTURES upon this divine bard, whoſe delicacy of taſte and depth of judgement are ſo conſpicuous, are generally made at the utmoſt peril of the critic. But without preſuming to criticiſe, the author may be permitted to obſerve, that, in reading the deſcent of Æneas, he was ſenſibly diſappointed at finding no ſolemn addreſs to Pluto by that hero; eſpecially as, in his road to the Elyſian fields, he is made to paſs by the very gates of the palace, upon which he affixes the offering to Proſerpine. —— It was chiefly from reflecting upon this circumſtance, and after reading Dante's poem of hell, purgatory, and paradiſe, that the author conceived the deſign of the following poem; which, however, excepting a few alluſions, has little in common with that of the Italian poet.

THE author would willingly anticipate the ſevere Ariſtarchus with regard to one circumſtance in the following performance, which he will probably deem a glaring impropriety. What he means is, the introducing Chriſtian

bards

bards into the Heathen Elyſium. Reſpecting this he can only ſay, that if the latitude to which a dream is intitled, if the "*quidlibet audendi*" of poetry, ſo frequently damped by the petulance of modern criticiſm, avail him not;—he muſt plead the example of the ſiſter-art; which ſcruples not, in ſome inſtances, to depart from the ſtrictneſs of the *coſtume*, when ſuch deviation conduces, upon the whole, to the higher perfection of the piece.——For the reſt, he is far enough from having the vanity to think, that the poem may not be juſtly liable to ſtricture upon other accounts. His original plan, indeed, was ſomewhat more extenſive; if, however, the execution is improper, the poem is already but too long.

23 AU 62

ELYSIUM:

A DREAM.

'TIS midnight ſtill —— o'er half the ball
The mantling ſhades of darkneſs fall.
'Tis midnight ſtill, but ſleep is fled;
In vain I toſs on reſtleſs bed;
I cloſe in vain th' unwilling eye,
While cares around, like harpies, fly.

AWAY, ye baniſhers of ſleep!
Why here unhallow'd vigils keep?
Why here undue attendance pay?
Ye gloomy, reſtleſs tribe! away.

Go where frantic lover lyes,
Sighing till the morn ariſe;

Or where wakes Ambition's wight,
Reſtleſs toſſing thro' the night;
Or where, ſtill with pelf enſhrin'd,
Miſer locks his peace of mind.

Go haunt the bed where murd'rer lyes
" Staring wide with ſtony eyes;"
While dying wretch, with groan profound,
Dreadful points the gory wound;
And furies, with terrific yell,
Toſs around the torch of hell.
—Go haunt the murd'rer's bed, and throw
The barbed dart of mental woe.

NIGHT's placid ſon! O gentleſt power!
Thy ſoft, voluptuous opiate ſhower!
" Tir'd Nature's ſweet reſtorer!" bring,
Roving ſtill on reſtleſs wing,
Thy glancing, many-colour'd dream,
Ideas catching as they gleam.

AND

And thou who ſtrew'ſt, with wild flowers gay,
Of cumber'd life the rugged way;
Who bring'ſt, when real ills annoy,
The phantoms of ideal joy;
Imagination! powerful queen
Of ev'ry tuneful breaſt ſerene,
Diſperſe the wayward thoughts that roll;
In thy elyſium lap my ſoul.

They fly, they fly.—Thus o'er the deep,
When furious winds, tumultuous, ſweep,
The tempeſt-beaten prince to ſave,
(So Maro ſings) above the wave
The God uprears his placid form;
And calms the deep, and chides the ſtorm.

Sleep ſlowly, ſoftly, comes—I feel
The drowſy God my ſenſes ſeal;

While

While touch'd by opiate rod divine,
Cloſe my heavy lids ſupine.

WHAT roving fancies ſtill ſucceed?
—I ſee the Muſes' fiery ſteed;
And mount, tho' dubious of my force,
With trembling fear, the winged horſe;
And borne aloft, impetuous fly
O'er oceans wide and mountains high;
And view below, with pale ſurpriſe,
The tumbling deep; the bending ſkies;
The frequent cloud, ſuſpended light,
That wand'ring floats o'er ether bright;
The ſea-girt iſle; th' extended coaſt
Of reſtleſs Gaul in diſtance loſt;
The land-dividing rampire ſtrong,
Where ſad Pyrene wander'd long;
Liguria's bay; the myrtle land;
The Tuſcan iſles; the Latian ſtrand;

Soft Sinueſſa's winding ſhore;
And, laſt, high Cuma I explore.

So Clymenè's raſh ſon, when driv'n
Up the ſteep, vaulted cope of heav'n,
Preſumptuous boy! with giddy pride,
Below the ſubject world ſurvey'd;
—Ere, Jove alarm'd, like falling ſtar
Transfixt, he fell from flaming car;
Or Rhea ſcorch'd, her caſtled head
Uplifting, call'd the thund'rer's aid;
Ere, headlong dragg'd thro' ether's plains,
Dropt, from his trembling hands, the reins.

Amid the ſpacious wood I ſee,
Conſpicuous far the glitt'ring tree;
And pull the precious prize—around
Bellowing, ſhakes the hollow ground,
And yawns the horrid gulf profound.

With ſolemn pace, and inſecure,
I reach the diſmal cave obſcure;
And draw my trembling ſword; and hail
Th' infernal powers; and follow, pale,
(Like Hamlet bold, the beck'ning ghoſt)
The Sybil to the myſtic coaſt.

At laſt th' infernal ſhores appear;
The ſable, ſullen waves I hear
Of Acheron — with ſilent din,
Flit around the ſhadows thin;
Thick as leaves the woodlands caſt,
Trembling on autumnal blaſt.

On the turbid pool afloat,
Surly Charon turns his boat.
Charon ſtern! with eyes of fire,
And beard obſcene, and baſe attire.

" WHEREFORE to the realms of night
" Come the feet of living wight?
" Mortal why?" —— "The bough of gold,
" Rugged ferryman behold!"
To view the bleſt Elyſian field
I come — the fated paſſage yield.

" THEN paſs," he cries with ſullen ſcoul;
I mount the leaky veſſel foul.

WITH bloody robe and watchful eye
Who guards the iron portal high!
What rocky fragments, thund'ring, fall?
The fiery ſtream, the triple wall,
The clanking chain, the horrid yell
— Curſed ferryman of hell!
This is Tartarus profound;
Let me, let me fly the ſound.

By glimm'ring light's malignant rays,
As ſad, thro' 'wilder'd foreſt ſtrays
Benighted wand'rer, I refort,
Thro' diſmal ways, to Pluto's court.

But what am I? and wherefore come
To ſee the bleſt Elyſium?
Nor goddeſs-born; nor heav'nly fire
Have I to boaſt, nor Orphean lyre.

Around the throne, in horrid ſtate,
A thouſand airy phantoms wait!
Diſeaſe's crouded phalanx pale,
That life's moleſted road aſſail;
And brutal War, with cruel joy,
That boaſts his millions to deſtroy;
And Rage and Frenzy bite the ground;
And Fear, ſtill trembling, flies around;
While Death, of grizly terrors king,
Lifts on high his deadly ſting.

—But lo! with features leſs ſevere,
He views Proſerpina the fair:
In happy hour I come—my lyre!
Obtain, obtain my fond deſire.

" Gloomy tyrant of the dead!
" Unrelenting Pluto dread!
" By the charms that deck'd thy queen,
" When in fragrant Enna ſeen,
" Firſt, with youthful beauty, ſhe,
" Gath'ring wild flow'rs, fixed thee.
" —Stopt thy ebon car—afraid,
" Silent ſtood th' aſtoniſh'd maid;
" And ſudden ſeiz'd, reluctant lay,
" Struggling ſweet, the precious prey;
" And ruſhing down the dire deſcent
" Of op'ning earth, to centre rent,
" With thee th' affrighted virgin hurl'd,
" Trembling ſaw th' infernal world.

" O CERES! CERES! ſave your child!—
" Reſound Sicilia's mountains wild;
" While ſhriek the nymphs, and woodland fill
" With unavailing clamour ſhrill.
" —By every tear the goddeſs ſhed,
" When long, by reſtleſs ſorrow led,
" The ſpacious earth, and ſounding main,
" The weeping wand'rer ſought in vain;
" And viewing, with averted eyes,
" Her life-ſupporting preſent riſe;
" Repenting, blaſted ev'ry grain;
" And broke the plough, and curs'd the ſwain.

" BY the ſounds that ſoften'd hell;
" By the "iron tears" that fell
" Down thy ploughed cheeks, when grace
" Found from thee the bard of Thrace.
" Why that ſhout? The pool unpaſt,
" Back a longing look he caſt.

" " Unmindful

" " Unmindful Orpheus! this from thee!
" Undone, undone Euridice!
" Again I paſs Death's diſmal cell;
" Farewell Orpheus! life farewell!"
" " O ſtay Euridice!"—to air
" Sad diſſolves the fated fair.

" By the purple regions bright,
" Bleſt abode of blameleſs wight;
" By the penal plagues aſſign'd
" For ruthleſs wretch of curſed kind;
" By the ſilence vaſt that reigns
" Awful o'er theſe dread domains;
" By the fleeting forms that throng,
" Lift'ning to my daring ſong;
" By the golden gift I bring,
" Queen of ſhadows! ſhadowy king!
" Grant, O grant my fond requeſt;
" Let me find the fields of reſt."

THE tyrant ſpeaks — with hollow ſound,
Trembles Erebus profound.
" Thy boon I grant — avoid my ſight;
" Raſh mortal, ſeek the fields of light."

WHO points the road acroſs the vale?
'Tis gentle Virgil —— " Maro hail!
" Immortal Maro! on thy brow,
" How green the laſting laurels grow!"

WHO ſad amidſt the myrtle groves
With ſtep indignant, hapleſs, roves?
Phœnician Dido! — " Princeſs hear!
" By the eternal fires I ſwear!"
— In vain the faithleſs Dardan ſtands
With ſtreaming eyes and lifted hands;
In vain — with ſullen looks, aſide
Dido turns, with decent pride.

DID

Did he not ſee to heav'n aſpire
The curling ſmoke, and funeral fire?
And proud, exulting o'er the deep,
Did once the ruthleſs ſavage weep?
—In vain—with ſullen looks, aſide
Dido turns, with decent pride.

I reach the ſeats of bleſt repoſe;
How ſlow the peaceful Lethe flows!
Hail happy fields! Elyſium hail!
O let me breathe thy balmy gale!
O let me range thy regions bright,
Inveſted ſweet with purple light!

In every od'rous breeze I meet
Whate'er Arabia has of ſweet;
Whate'er can charm the liſt'ning ear,
In ſilent ecſtaſy I hear;
I ſee, with ever new delight,
Whate'er can pleaſe the wond'ring ſight.

BEYOND what raptur'd derviſe deems
(Imparadis'd in golden dreams)
His promis'd heaven's delicious groves;
Tho' beauteous virgin careleſs roves
Thro' bowers of bliſs, whoſe ſmiles diſpenſe
Voluptuous joy to every ſenſe.

BUT Virgil ſings — no vulgar ſong
To hear attend the tuneful throng.

" NOR ſullen ſorrow harbours here,
" Nor burſting ſigh, nor riſing tear;
" Nor aſpect rude, nor ſavage mind
" In this aſylum acceſs find.
" Nor darkneſs dun, nor twilight gray,
" Nor languid moon with feeble ray,
" Nor ſultry heat, nor wintry ſtorm
" Theſe peaceful manſions e'er deform.

" HERE no diſguſt, with ſad alloy,
" To daſh the golden cup of joy;

" Here

" Here pleaſure reigns without deſire;
" Here hope purſues no wand'ring fire;
" But ev'ry brow with roſes bound,
" By ſmiling joy celeſtial crown'd.

" KINGS praiſed after death are here,
" Who mercy love, and truth revere;
" Judges to ſacred Themis true,
" Aſide whom bias never drew;
" Heroes who down the gulf of Fate,
" Ruſh'd to ſave a ſinking ſtate;
" The wiſe who taught their erring kind
" To mend the heart, and raiſe the mind;
" The ſilent good, unſeen who give,
" Nor hope return, nor thanks receive;
" And bards who ſtill, with tuneful tongue,
" Themes worthy of Apollo ſung."

THE mighty martial trumpet dire
Behold! and ſee the golden lyre!

HAIL

" HAIL fountain-bard! who view'd, tho'
" blind,
" In one vaſt comprehenſive mind,
" Whate'er in her ideal coaſt,
" Invention's fairy-land can boaſt.
" Hail fountain-bard! poetic ſtar!
" I view thee trembling from afar;
" Thy awful form approaching nigh,
" Even Maro ſtands with timid eye."

SOFT waves his ſilver beard —— " Attend,
" Nor thus in ſervile homage bend.
" If Nature boon has ſtampt thy mind
" With ev'ry nobler ſenſe refin'd;
" If, deeply ſtruck, thy lab'ring breaſt
" Glows with the ſacred fire oppreſt;
" Approach, thou trembling youth, nor fear
" Reception rude, nor brow ſevere;
" Approach, and join the tuneful train,
" But mark with care my moral ſtrain.

STAY,

" STAY, pride of Greece! Ulyſſes, ſtay!
" As gliding o'er the watry way,
" The ſyren ſung—tho' death to hear
" The hero bound could ſcarce forbear.
" So ſweet is praiſe! ſo weak the mind!
" Lurking the honey'd ſong behind,
" Alas! intoxicating ſtill,
" The ſubtile poiſon knows to kill."

IN hoary majeſty ſublime,
Triumphant o'er the waſte of Time,
Who, bending, ſweeps the Celtic lyre?
Who tears the ſoul, or burns with fire?

" O! BY the wild, tumultuous jar
" Of battle wag'd in glorious war;
" The gen'rous deed; the proſtrate foe;
" Th'arreſted ſword; the ſigh of woe!

" By livid ghoſt, on fiery ſtream
" Deſcending, ſad, in warrior's dream,
" With airy ſword, and meteor ſhield,
" That fatal ſpeaks the future field!

" By chiding Cona's ſolemn ſound;
" The drooping flower; the fallow ground;
" The falling leaf that trembling flies;
" The blaſted pine that broken lies;
" O! by the hero's narrow cell!
" Sing, penſive bard, thy laſt farewell!"

Behold the Florentine appears!
What means the maſſy key he bears?
—" This hell unlocks—but mortal fay,
" Wilt thou bend with me thy way?
" Thro' all the penal dungeon dire;
" O'er burning lands and ſeas of fire;
" Or where the frozen regions ſhow,
" A ſad variety of woe;

" Thro'

" Thro' all the diſmal manſions wide,
" I will attend thy faithful guide.
" —For thee ſhall Ugolino dread,
" With hair of half-devoured head
" Of falſe Rugiero, doom'd his prey,
" From gory lips wipe blood away;
" And tell thee all his horrid tale
" Of Hunger's den, and Famine pale;
" And curſe, with imprecation drear,
" Perfidious wretch, and mangled tear."

" FIRST of the modern bards that bore,
" Italia's pride, the Tuſcan ſhore!
" Allighieri! thanks —— I come
" To ſee the bleſt Elyſium,
" Not hell Tartarian ——"

—

.Who along
Towers in all the pride of ſong?

—I

—I ſee, I ſee from rending heav'n,
By potent arm celeſtial driv'n,
Hurl'd headlong, flaming, down the ſky,
The routed train affrighted fly!
The ſeraph proud, with dire alarms,
Who dar'd th' omnipotent to arms!
The ruſhing car; th' avenging God!
The lightning check'd; the dread abode!

VAULTED round with horrid fire,
See the penal dungeon dire!
His mighty form of many a rood,
Welt'ring on the flaming flood,
The arch-angel raiſes—liquid fires
Backward ſlope their pointed ſpires!
His face what ſcars of thunder plough!
What grief ſits on his haughty brow!
How he throws his baleful eyes!
" Farewell, heav'n, and happy ſkies;

" Hail

" Hail infernal horrors, hail!
" Welcome thou profoundeſt hell."

WHO with Anacreon lyes ſupine?
While round their glowing temples twine,
Than lily pale, or bluſhing roſe,
Each fairer, ſweeter flower that blows;
While nymphs and fauns their frolics play?
— Chaulieu! voluptuous, tender, gay.
Chaulieu, whoſe ſprightly Muſe could ſoar,
Tho' preſt by eighty winters hoar;
Tho' Age and dire Diſeaſe conſpire
To damp bright-ſparkling Fancy's fire.

" TELL me, voluptuous Grecian! tell
" How blooming Hebe, heedleſs, fell?
" Why Juno chid the bluſhing maid?
" And what th' uncourteous Thund'rer ſaid,
" When, weeping, from the hall of heav'n,
" The nectar-bearing fair was driv'n."

" And tell me, thou whoſe trembling hand
" The youthful Graces could command;
" Skill'd in the uſeful art to fly
" From pleaſure to philoſophy;
" Who, pain and ſorrow to beguile,
" Woo'd fond Illuſion's fyren ſmile;
" And ſtrew'd, with flowers of laſting bloom,
" The borders of the op'ning tomb:
" Chaulieu! impatient didſt thou find
" In theſe abodes La Fare, the friend?
" The fair Bouillon!—and did ſhe meet
" Thy late approach with welcome ſweet?"

But hark! what accents meet my ear?
What op'ning ſcenes of joy appear?
O let me, let me fondly ſtray
To lute-reſounding manſions gay!

Here beauteous Hero fears no more
The ſurging deep's tumultuous roar;

Nor,

Nor, trembling, rears the torch of night,
Like Venus' ſtar, the lover's light;
Here no dividing ſeas annoy,
With wintry ſtorm, the ventrous boy.

In myrtle-grove's delicious bower,
A willing ſlave to Beauty's power,
Tibullus ſings—"Ye virgins pure!
" Secure of joy, of bliſs ſecure!
" Cythéra comes! with myrtle crown'd,
" Let every youth her praiſe reſound;
" Let every maid the Goddeſs meet
" With ſmiles and glowing bluſhes ſweet."

" Dione hail! hail Beauty's queen!"
—Along the flower-enwoven green
She leads the choir—her conſtant train,
The eaſy Graces trip the plain;
While, glancing with malignant joy,
Flutters round the wanton boy.

—The

—The bluſhing fruit from hand of ſnow
To me does coy Amanda throw?
And, ſmiling, with averted eye,
To flow'ry copſe ſequeſter'd fly?
'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!——
With twinkling ray,
Fades the harbinger of day;
And creſted cock, with clarion ſhrill,
Startles ſolemn ſilence ſtill;
And frighted Sleep, on duſky wings,
Like ſpright accurſt, moleſted ſprings,
And iv'ry portal ope's; and flow,
Reluctant, thro' the gate I go.

Thus, by haſt'ning angel driv'n,
Sad beheſt of angry Heav'n!
With rueful eye the ling'ring pair
Left primeval manſion fair.
—In vain they turn, in vain they weep,
The fiery guards ſtrict vigil keep.

NOTES

NOTES to the preceding POEM.

Staring wide with ſtony eyes;

p. 70. ℣ 6.

Chatt'ring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes;

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

Or Rhea ſcorch'd, her caſtled head

p. 73. ℣ 9.

Ovid is cenſured by Mr Addiſon, in his remarks upon the beautiful ſtory of Phaeton, for the ſpeech of the Earth, which he calls unnatural, and the boldeſt proſopopœia of any in the old poets. It is ſurpriſing that Ovid introduced not Rhea, in place of perſonifying the earth, which would have prevented the impropriety, as Pluto, Neptune, and the river-gods, were actors in his drama.

——————— with ſilent din,
Flit around the ſhadows thin,

p. 74. ℣ 9. & 10.

——— commotæ, Erebi de ſedibus imis,
Umbræ ibant tenues.

Virg. Georg. 4.

Wherefore to the realms of night
Come the feet of living wight?

p. 75. ℣ 1. & 2.

——— Chi è coſtui che, ſenza morte,
Va per lo regno della morta gente?

Dante, L' Inferno.

By glimm'ring light's malignant rays,

p. 75. ℣ 17.

Quale per incertam lunam, ſub luce maligna,
Eſt iter in ſilvis.

Virg. Æneid. lib. 6.

But

But what am I? and wherefore come

p. 76. ℣ 3.

Ma io perche venirvi? o chi'l concede?
Io non Enea, io non Paolo ſono.

Dante, L' Inferno.

Here Pleaſure reigns without deſire;

p. 83. ℣ 1.

—— ſenza brama ſicura piacere.

Dante, Il Paradiſo.

— deeply ſtruck, ——————

p. 84. ℣ 13.

——— ingenti perculſus amore,

Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

For thee ſhall Ugolino dread,

p. 87. ℣ 3.

La bocca ſollevò dal fiero paſto
Quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli
Del capo, ch' egli avea diretro guaſto:
Poi comminciò:

Dante, L' Inferno.

Dante's

Dante's poem *del Inferno* is a ſtrange medley of Pagan and Chriſtian notions, containing, in endleſs ſucceſſion, an amazing variety of pictures; of which many diſguſt with barbarous or childiſh impropriety, while a few are painted with a bold and maſterly pencil. Among the latter may be juſtly reckoned the dreadful ſtory of the Conte Ugolino; which, for ſtrength and ſingularity of colour, has been ſeldom equalled in poetry, but which appears to be too ſhocking for the canvas.

Hurl'd headlong, flaming, down the ſky,

p. 88. ✶ 3.

Vedea colui che fù nobil creato
Più d' altra creatura, *guì dal cielo*
Folgoregiando ſcender da un lato.

Il Purgat.

It is recorded in the life of Raphael, that upon ſeeing Michael Angelo's picture of the Deity in the Vatican, he awoke as if from a profound ſleep, and inſtantly conceived the deſign of his celebrated piece of Iſaiah. Something like this might, perhaps, have been applied to every writer, not excepting thoſe who have been noted for original compoſition. "The poet," ſays Mr Dryden, "who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and "the Jews Meſſias will come together."

Milton, therefore, as Virgil, and probably as Homer, has frequently embelliſhed his poetry with beautiful alluſions, and judicious imitations, which are not confined to the ancients.—— The following quotations from Dante, and particularly the one prefixed

prefixed to this note, may not be unacceptable to ſuch readers as wiſh to know what may be ſuppoſed to have given hints to ſo great a poet.

Chi ſiete voi che contra 'l cieco fiume
Fugito avete la prigione eterna?
Son le leggi d'abiſſo coſi rotte?
O è mutato in ciel nuovo conſiglio?

Purgat. canto 1.

Comminciò egli allor ſi dolcemente,
Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi ſuona.

Purgat. c. 2.

——— luogo d' ogni luce muto
Che mugghia come fa mar per tempeſta.

Purgat. c. 5.

Così quel fiato gli ſpirti mali
Di qua, di la, di giu, di ſù gli mena;
Nulla ſperanza gli conforta mai,
Non che di poſa, ma di menor pena.

Purgat. c. 5.

Chaulieu! impatient didſt thou find

p. 90. ¥ 9.

Mais c'eſt pouſſer trop loin peut-être la ſageſſe.
J'aime mieux me prêter à l'humaine foibleſſe;
Et, de l'opinion reſpectant le bandeau,
Croire voir les enfers, mais ne les voir qu' en beau.
Je laiſſe là Minos & ſon urne fatale,
Le rocher de Siſiphe, & la ſoif de Tantale;

Et, ſans m' aller noircir de cent tourmens divers,
Tout ce qui s'offre à ma penſée,
Ce ne ſont que des fleurs, des berceaux toujours verds,
Et les champs fortunés de la plaine Elyſée.
Là, dans l'inſtant fatal que le ſort m'aura mis,
J'eſpère retrouver mes illuſtres amis,
La Fare avec Ovide; et Catulle et Leſbie,
Voulant plaire à Corinne, ou careſſer Julie;

Que vois-je près de toi? C'eſt ta mère éperdue,
Tout-à-coup aux enfers depuis peu deſcendue!
Qui, conſervant pour toi ſes tendres ſentimens,
De ce fils ſi chéri vole aux embraſſemens.
* Marianne, eſt-ce vous? Le ciel impitoyable
A-t-il voulu ſitôt dérober aux mortels
Ce qu'il leur a donné jamais de plus aimable,
Et qui pouvoit aux dieux diſputer des autels,
Si la grace et l'eſprit, comme eux, eſt adorable?
Quoi donc! quand j'eſpérois qu' à mon heure fatale,
Tu recevrois mon ame en ſes derniers adieux;
Et que ton amitié, pour moi toujours égale,
Peut-être, en ſoupirant, me fermeroit les yeux;
C'eſt moi qui te ſurvis! et ma douleur profonde
N'a, pour me conſoler au milieu de mon deuil,
Que de porter ton nom juſques au bout du monde,
De jetter, tous les jours, des fleurs ſur ton cercueil,
Chanter tes agrémens, et célébrer tes charmes,
Dans ces vers mille fois arroſés par mes larmes!

OEuvres De L' Abbé De Chaulieu, tome 2.

* Marianne Mancini, Ducheſſe de Bouillon, the famous niece of Cardinal Mazarin.

Chaulieu

Chaulieu, the Anacreon and Catullus of France, tho' tortured with the gout, and afflicted with blindneſs, preſerved till his death at the age of eighty-four, his wonted vivacity of mind. Having ſurvived his friends and his pleaſures, the refined voluptuary ſubſtitutes remembrance for reality, the illuſions of fancy for the pleaſures of the ſenſes; adopting the maxim which his lively countryman expreſſed with ſuch ſingular energy, "*Les ans peuvent* "*m' entrainer, mais à reculons.*"

Eaſy, natural, delicate, affecting, tho' ſometimes licentious, Chaulieu abounds in images and ſentiments that cannot be read without emotion; in thoſe pleaſing and intereſting ideas ſo delightful to the human mind; in that tender ſenſibility ariſing from the regret of enjoyments which are no more, and which muſt never return. A tranſlation of one of his pieces appears among Parnel's poems, entitled, "An imitation of ſome French "verſes."

Tibullus ſings — "Ye virgins pure!

p. 91. ℣ 7.

Sed me, quod facilis tenero ſum ſemper amori,
Ipſa Venus campos ducet in Elyſios.
Hic choreæ, cantuſque vigent, paſſimque vagantes,
Dulce ſonant, tenui gutture, carmen aves.
Fert caſiam non culta ſeges, totoſque per agros
Floret adoratis, terra benigna, roſis.
Ac juvenum ſeries, teneris immiſta puellis,
Ludit, et aſſidue prœlia miſcet amor.

Tibullus, lib. 1. *eleg.* 3.

The

The bluſhing fruit from hand of ſnow

p. 92. ℣ 1.

Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, et ſe cupit ante videri.

Virg. Ecl. 3.

—— With twinkling ray,

p. 92. ℣ 6.

Par, tremolando, matutina ſtella.

Dante. Purgat. c. 12.

OF

POETRY:

An EPISTOLARY ESSAY.

——————— omnis acerbi

Impatiens, cupidus ſilvarum.

JUVENAL.

OF

POETRY:

An Epistolary Essay.

LEAVE, hapleſs wand'rer, leave the youth to rove,
The phrenzy leave, the bitter ſweets of love;
Come on, my Muſe! thy native hills among
No more we meditate Edina's ſong;
Nor follow, trembling, the Cumæan maid,
To meet in Fancy's dream th' Elyſian ſhade.
Come on, my Muſe! a friend demands the lay;
And lo! while wild flow'rs deck thy devious way,
Nor dully grave in ethic numbers ſleep;
Nor flimſy, pert — the golden medium keep.
And ſcorn to raiſe, with envious rancour cool,
The altar baſe of impious ridicule;
And ſhun, O ſhun the hackney'd ſubject ſtale;
Wit's tinſel glare, like flaſhing meteor pale;

The

The frothy ſing-ſong's epithetic maze;
And falſe refinement's ever-placid praiſe.

For poor the poliſh'd page, howe'er refin'd,
When Elevation raiſes not the mind;
Coldly correct, when no enliv'ning ſoul,
With glowing rapture, animates the whole;
When vulgar meaning limps in aukward ſtile;
When Affectation wreathes her ſickly ſmile;
When Hyperbole's gigantic figures try
To lift the mole's mean hillock to the ſky *;
When even Simplicity, like Quaker plain,
Debaſes truth with zeal for trifles vain;
Minute to paint each leaf that decks the grove,
When ſmall Deſcription's childiſh offſpring rove; †

* Licet omnis hyperbole ſit ultra fidem, non tamen debet eſſe ultra modum.
Quinctil.

† Why are the German poets that have lately appeared in Engliſh, ſo frequently thrown down with diſguſt? Is it not owing to that childiſh minuteneſs of deſcription, that ſervile copying of trivial nature, without ſelecting their models of imitation?

But

But chief, in rhyme ſore pinch'd, when meaning lies
In torture ſad, or; faintly ſtruggling, dies.

WHY fondly lingers the preluſive lay?
Where lyes the Muſe's undetermin'd way?
— But why receding leave th' obtruſive theme?

" WHAT is this Poetry's deluſive dream?
What is this boaſted art? — th' unwilling mind
In ſhackling number's fetters baſe to bind!
Word-catching idlers all the tuneful throng;
Of dreams a tiſſue vain the lying ſong."

No, man of earth! — a lively painting true,
A ſpeaking picture, to the raptur'd view,
The ſmiling Muſe preſents; a magic glaſs
Where ſtill in long proceſſion, varied, paſs
All Nature's vivid forms; a cryſtal ſtream
Meandring ſweet, from whoſe gay borders gleam
A thouſand beauteous objects — charming art!
But leaſt avails thy imitative part.

A POET he, to whom Invention brings
The uneſſential, fleeting forms of things;
And Judgement comes, of piercing look, his guide;
And Taſte, coy maiden, bluſhing at his ſide;
While kindling Genius, eager for the ſky,
His flaming pinions ſpreads, in act to fly;
To whoſe audacious flight alone 'tis given
To ſnatch, Prometheus-like, the fire from heav'n.

A POET he alone, with ſkilful hand,
Swift as he circling waves the magic wand,
Who knows to make the haſt'ning paſſions all,
Obſequious bending, hear his powerful call;
And godlike art! from the vaſt chaos bright,
Where, endleſs glancing, leap ideas light;
Selecting happieſt notions as they riſe,
A new creation forms to wond'ring eyes.
Where brighter ſhines the golden ſtar of day,
And ſweeter blooms th' unfading landſcape gay;
And ſhepherd pipes, and lover breathes his ſighs
To gentleſt roſy vales, and purple ſkies;

And glowing action, more impassion'd, warms,
Impetuous, jarring oft with fond alarms.

Up the steep road of Science winding still,
Where mountains vast the new horizon fill,
In quest of knowledge stopt — whose utmost bound
Or doubts perplex, or darkness closes round:
'Scapt from the sink of sensual pleasure vain,
Whose transient joys still teem with lasting pain;
Whose novel ardour past, sad sighs the mind
No soft, alluring Syren's form to find:
Disgusted oft with what philosophy,
Of real, offers the revolting eye;
The playing puppet and the dancing strings!
Too near the scene no sweet deception springs:
Unsatisfied with what historic page,
In faithless mirror, shews of every age;
Uncertain motives, statesmen, battles stale!
The tedious sameness of the human tale:
— Spark of celestial fire! the nobler mind
Despises oft this narrow scene confin'd:

To

To piercing Bacon no preſumption ſmall
Of man's auguſt, divine original. *

SMIT with the ideal—grandeur, beauty, truth;
Unfading roſes and immortal youth;
How pleas'd the ſoul, unbounded, fondly ſtrays
Through flow'ry Poeſy's delightful maze!
Where ſprightly Fancy ſports with magic power;
And ſmiling images ſkim lightly o'er;
And poſſibilities amuſive ſweep,
O'er tranſient gleam in lengthen'd viſto deep;
And ſplendid ſimile, conſpicuous far,
Like Sirius ſhines, or Phoſphor's milder ſtar.

* For ſeeing this ſenſible world is, in dignity, inferior to the ſoul of man; poeſy ſeems to endow human nature with that which hiſtory denies; and to give ſatisfaction to the mind, with, at leaſt, the ſhadow of things where the ſubſtance cannot be had. And if the matter be fully conſidered, a ſtrong argument may be drawn from poeſy, that a more ſtately greatneſs of things, a more perfect order, a more beautiful variety delights the ſoul of man, than any where can be found in nature.

Lord Bacon, Inſtauratio Scientiarum, lib. 2. cap. 13.

BY

By ardent genius fir'd, one happy line,
Where genuine fancy, judgement, taſte, combine;
Outweighs whate'er obliquely ſquinting wit,
With glancing raillery, aſpires to hit;
Outweighs whate'er, in vulgar parody,
Like droll of quack, attempts low humour ſly.

So, conſcious of his worth, the godlike ſage
Undaunted ſtood the laughter of the ſtage,
Though, ſeaſon'd high with mimic ridicule,
The Attic libel caught each gaping fool;
Not Paſſion's energy, and Nature's eaſe,
Not ſimple Sophocles ſo much could pleaſe:
But lo! while ſtupid grin the callous rout,
Or raiſe the ſtunning plaudit's impious ſhout;
Who, ſilent-grieving, bluſh with ſad ſurpriſe?
How few the good, the liberal, the wiſe!

How baſe malignant petulance to ſing! *
Without offence to dart mad Satire's ſting!

* —— triſti lædere verſu.

Hor.

To make the Muſe, in Party's venal ſchool,
Inflame, with frantic inſolence, the fool!

But when, deep-ting'd with Envy's bitter gall,
Uncandid Critic's poiſon'd arrows fall;
When thick around, ſarcaſtic grinning, fly
The feeble taunts of ſcoffing Irony;
For venial faults when inſolent Caprice
Condemns, with ſqueamiſh air, a noble piece;
Or, coldly analyſing every line,
Unheeded views collected beauties ſhine;
—Why ſits the Muſe with timid prudence mean?
Why riſes not her juſt reſentment keen?

So Nature's chymiſt frames, with equal ſkill,
The honey's nectar, and the juice to kill;
But tho' diſdaining, like the hoſtile race,
The unoffending, feeble foe to chace,
If, haply, meeting inſult as ſhe flies,
The gen'rous inſect fails not to chaſtiſe;
While, ſmarting with the poiſon's pungent pain,
His raſh attack th' aggreſſor rues in vain.

The acid's fell corrosive to compose,
From the same flow'r the bee, instinctive, knows,
That yields, for precious use, her balsam sweet,
Though blended principles for ever meet:
Not so the peevish, stinging insect rude
Can discompound the evil from the good.

"Seiz'd are the posts of Fame; the barren field
No crops of wit, exhausted, now can yield"
Apologizes every man of rhyme,
Who dares, uncall'd, the tuneful art sublime;
Or call'd, who, trusting to the richest soil,
Nor tillage knows, nor culture's useful toil.

"Extinct the heav'nly fire," with secret sneer
The coxcomb cries, "no poets now appear."

Has Nature, then, to modern times deny'd
What she, with partial hand, of old supply'd?
To us alone, with stepdame hate unkind,
Refus'd the noblest talent of the mind?

To us who, favour'd, view the vaſt machine,
So long a dark enigma dimly ſeen?
Who now behold her op'ning curtain riſe,
A gloomy vail to ſearching ancient's eyes?
—What thick'ning clouds his atmoſphere ſurround!
His narrow univerſe what limits bound!
Himſelf unknown! alas, to former days
Unknown the vital fluid's circling maze!

To pleaſe, to intereſt, to mend the heart,
Aſpires the modern Muſe's noble art;
To make men trembling view, with timid eye,
In their own breaſts what lurking miſchiefs lie;
How Anger ſtorms impetuous in his courſe;
How mad Revenge is ſtung by keen Remorſe;
How gentle Love ungentle Fury turns,
When frantic Jealouſy the boſom burns;
How proud Ambition tempts the wretch to riſe,
And ſnatch, with felon hand, the guilty prize;
How Conſcience thunders in the midnight-hour,
Stop, baſe aſſaſſin, thou ſhalt ſleep no more!*

No

* As the ſuperiority of the moderns, in their conduct of the drama, is univer-

ſally

No trivial aim! but not to this confin'd,
The Muſe's numbers humanize the mind;
Warm ſordid boſoms with the gen'rous fire;
And manly courage ſtrengthen and inſpire.

From him whom firſt the ſubject world obey'd;
Whoſe bloody liſt his nobler friends betray'd;
Whoſe impious jealouſy of future fame,
A rival deeming his ſucceſſor's name,
Plac'd, as a ſhade, behind his reign auguſt,
The foil of rapine, cruelty, and luſt;
—From great Octavius let the ſtateſman know
What mighty meed the Muſes can beſtow.

Not every ſcience, every vaunted tongue;
Not all that Homer, all that Maro ſung;
Not all the Stagirite, the Roman wit,
Or Vida, or Deſpreaux, or Pope have writ;

fally acknowledged; the obſervation may perhaps be extended to the art in general, in ſo far as concerns the management of the paſſions.

— Can teach the tuneful art; if, uninclin'd,
No powerful bias bends the willing mind.

THE flying wonder of the finny drove
As ſoon might emulate the bird of Jove;
As ſoon might emulate the crane's career,
From Europe turning with th' inverted year;
When, gaining on the ſun's meridian height,
He mounts, for diſtant climes, his lofty flight.

EVEN he, when trembling ſunk devoted Rome,
Whoſe eloquence a while with-held her doom;
Even flowing Tully, graceful, ſued in vain,
One little ſprig of laurel to obtain.

WHEN the great Nat'raliſt's illuſtrious heir,
As yet ungrac'd with Trajan's public care;
When youthful Pliny left Quintilian's ſchool,
The copious Rhetor gave this lateſt rule:
" My precepts teach the obvious fault to fly;
But where conceal'd the hidden beauties ly,

The

The baſhful Graces lurk — yourſelf muſt find,
Conducted by the Genius of the mind." *

BUT tho', with prudent fear, the Muſes' ſon,
Short-wing'd at firſt, may long excurſions ſhun;
His pinions fledg'd, the eaglet, panting, eyes
The noble circuit of the bending ſkies.

WHEN the bold pupil of Stagira's ſage,
Of Thrace revolting, quell'd the riſing rage,
How much he joy'd to ſee the ſavage yield!
Of what importance deem'd the paultry field!
But Philip's ſon, Arbela's battle o'er,
And Aſia's kingdoms trembling at his power,
Letters receiving from his Macedon,
Of village, fortreſs, or of city won;
" How trifling now, he cries, the home advice!
I ſee, Meonides! thy frogs and mice."

* —— Genius, natale comes
Hor.
See Quintilian *paſſim.*

THE END.

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